

POWER BOATS OF ALL CRASSES FOR THIS YEAR'S SPORT

Some Built at Little Outlay, but Thousands Spent for Fast Racers.

The auto boat is the latest toy. It is a plaything that the rich can enjoy and spend thousands of dollars on, and the man who has to count his dollars before he spends them on any pleasure can have one, too.

The fact has been growing all winter. It has been imported, having been popular in British and French waters for two seasons. It is the aquatic development of the automobile, and for that reason many who have raced automobiles until they have become somewhat tired are now to devote some of their spare time to the auto boat.

Auto boats, as they have been popularly named, are simply high speed launches. They are propelled by gasoline engines, similar to those used in automobiles, but adapted for marine work, and for that reason have been termed "auto" boats, a word which means nothing at all.

For some years gasoline engines have been in use for all sorts of purposes, but it is only within the last few years that the gasoline motor has been brought to a state of perfection, and it is the fact for such things as auto boats that has caused its development. While many will find fault with the fact of the wealthy and talk about the waste of money over such playthings, if there were no such fact many of the useful inventions of the present day would never have been heard of.

High speed boats have always been popular. There are some who are never satisfied unless they have the fastest horse or the fastest yacht, and it is through this longing for speed that engineers and mechanics have developed the steam engine electric motor and gasoline engine.

An auto boat is a delicate little thing. It is only good for one thing—racing—and it is not capable of winning races. It is like a thoroughbred horse that is not fast enough to keep in the front rank. These boats vary in length from 20 feet upward and their beam or width is seldom more than 4 or 5 feet. Their models vary, each designer having his own peculiar style, and what are speed lines. The main idea is to get a boat that will skim over the top of the water and offer as little resistance to the waves as possible, and so they seldom draw more than 8 or 12 inches. That is, there is only 8 or 12 inches of the boat below the surface of the water. In building these fancy craft the limit of lightness has been reached, and some boats have sides that are less than a quarter of an inch thick.

Commenting on this, a well known designer recently remarked that there was only a quarter of an inch of wood between the boat and the water. The object of this lightness is to give as little weight as possible for the engine to drive. There are some boats out this season that are 30 feet long and that only weigh 500 pounds without their motors.

Motor boating will be more of a fad this year than ever before. So popular have these boats become that the builders have their yards in full operation so that the many boats that have been ordered can be turned out by the opening of the yachting season. Last year the ambition of every one was to have speed, and in most cases comfort was sacrificed so that the owner could skim along over the water in a boat that could show its stern to all others. Of course, only a few could satisfy this ambition, and the result was that many were disappointed. Now those boats that were built for speed chiefly are being relegated to the rear, and comfort with a fair turn of speed is what is wanted.

To a certain extent the racing rules of the American Power Boat Association are responsible for this change of feeling. It has been found that a boat with a moderate powered motor has just as much chance of winning as a big boat with a powerful motor. The rule was framed to give all sorts and sizes of boats a fair chance, and under it the small launch can race against the fast torpedo boat, and the little boat has just as good a chance of success as the big one. It took a year for patrons of motor boats to find this out, but now that they do know, they are having boats built that can race. When there is no racing

they can be used for an afternoon's spin on the harbor or Sound, and those on board can enjoy the trip comfortably.

Of course there are out and out racers being built, but few of these are as extreme as the boats of last season. Lessons were learned then and designers now know that power and lightness are the only essentials to speed. Several boats were turned out last year that were so lightly

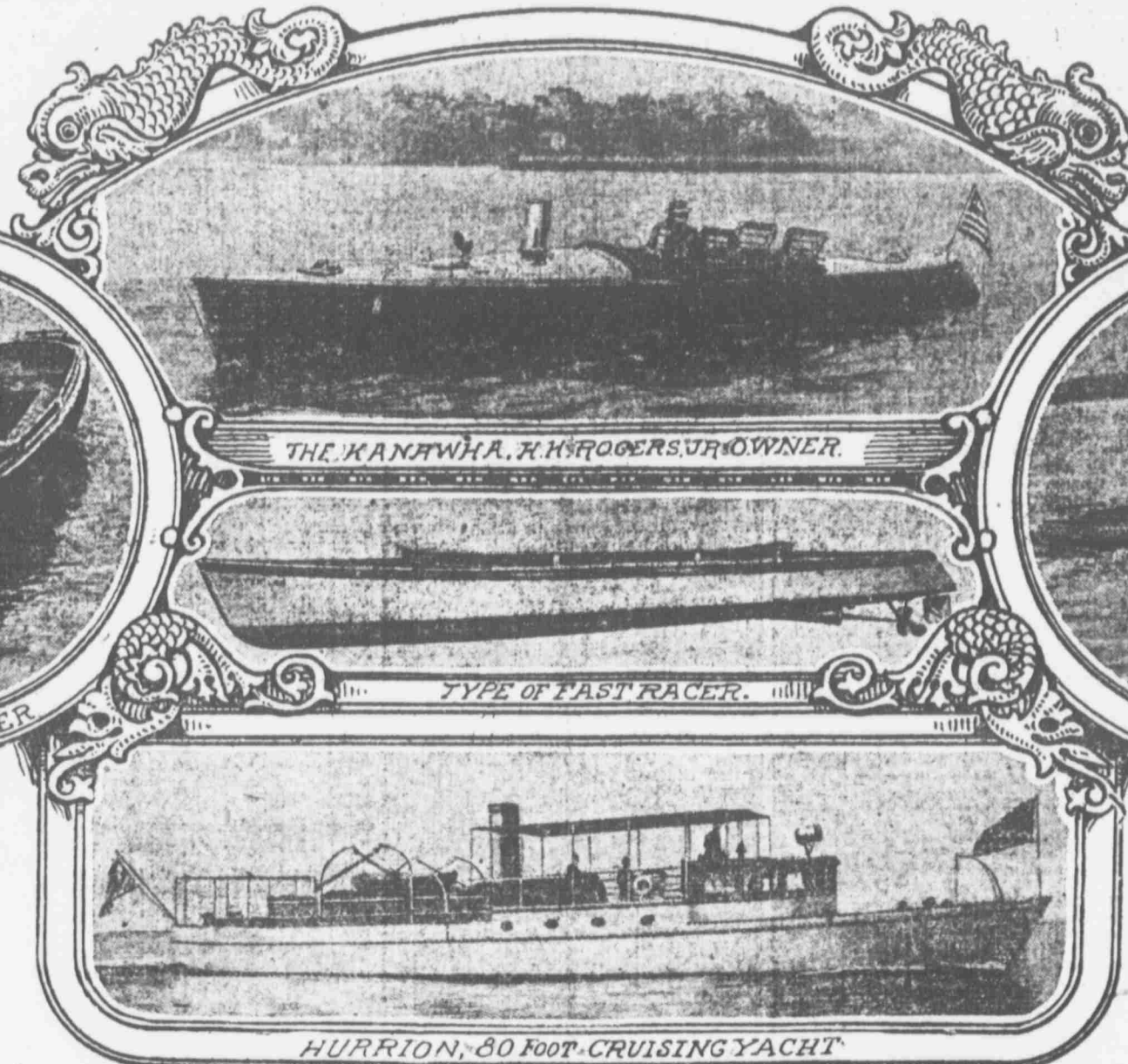
constructed that one was almost afraid to board them for fear of breaking through the thin planking. These boats were constantly breaking down. They could not stand the strain of the racking of their powerful motors, and when warped out of shape little speed could be got out of them. Late in the season the Ontario, built from designs by Henry J. Gielow, made her appearance. She was a substantially constructed boat of 30 feet length, fitted with a 175-horse-power motor. She was tried, and made a mile at the rate of 28.6 miles an hour, which was then the fastest time made by an auto boat.

This year this time will be beaten. Other boats are coming out that are substantial in construction which will lower the time record of the Ontario, and the racing in the purely racing class will be close and exciting.

A racing motor boat, auto boat as they are sometimes called, is nothing but a hull in which is placed a powerful gasoline motor. As a rule, the motor in these boats is placed amidships and carefully covered so that the spray thrown up by the hull when tearing over the water will not get to the machinery. Forward of the engine space is a cockpit in which the helmsman stands. Only the head of this man is shown above the turtle deck of the boat, and he has to wear an oilskin to protect him from the water. There is usually a larger cockpit aft of the motor space, which is for the owner and any friends he may take out with him, but when racing this space is unoccupied.

The motors of these boats vary in power according to the size and weight of the boat. Some that are to be seen this season will have motors of 200-horse-power. They have six or eight cylinders, and the noise of the explosions in these cylinders will make one continuous roar. In a boat with eight cylinders that turns up 750 or 800 revolutions of its propeller a minute some idea of what the motor has to do can be understood when it is realized that there are more than 3,000 explosions in those eight cylinders every minute. The gas engine is a wonderful piece of mechanism that has been perfected through the fact of rich men who want speed. The plaything of the wealthy man has enabled engineers to develop the gas engine so that now it is a practical piece of machinery, used on boats of all kinds on every piece of navigable water in the country.

It has been estimated by a well known builder that there are more than 15,000



HURRION, 80 FOOT-CRUISE YACHT

boats in this country that are fitted with gas engines. Some are for pleasure, some are for trade. The fishermen have gas engines now in their dories and so do not have to row as much as they used to do. They also have gas engines in their sailboats and with the aid of these engines are able to make port when the wind drops light and the sailboat would be calmed. Gas engines are fitted to small boats that are used at the summer resorts for outings. Gas engines are put in freight boats that trade on small lakes and rivers. Gas engines are in the submarine boats for use when those boats are running along the surface of the water. When submerged they use electric engines. Gas engines are now fitted to lifeboats. These boats are so arranged that they are self-righting and when capsized the engines will stop running and will start up again when the boat rights itself. These engines are now fitted to all sorts and sizes of yachts. The owners of these boats can go out for an afternoon's sail and are always sure of getting back to port. In the old days a yachtman never knew when he would get back. He was dependent on the whims of the capricious wind.

E. R. Thomas, Alexander Stein, H. L. Bowden, William Wallace, George W. Childs Drexel, the Panhard company, P. A. B. Smith and several others are having racing craft built that will all be near the top of the racing class, and these new boats, with the Standard, Vingt et Un, Challenger, Japanese, Monaco, and others of last season's boats will furnish sport that will be exciting and interesting. The boat for E. R. Thomas is to be 40 feet long. It will have motors of 150-horse-power, and the builders guarantee that 30 miles an hour will be exceeded. If this boat does as is expected Mr. Thomas will send her to France to try to capture the British

International cup now held by the French Automobile Club. This boat is to be designed by Clinton H. Crane who turned out the Vingt et Un and Challenger.

The boat being built for Alexander Stein is from designs by Henry J. Gielow, and in model she very much resembles the Ontario, last year's crack boat. She is smaller than the Ontario, though, and will have a 175-horse-power motor, which, it is expected, will drive her more than thirty miles an hour. This boat is 38 feet 8 inches over all, 54 feet 4 inches on the water line, 7 feet beam and 3 feet draught. She is double planked, inside with cedar and outside with mahogany, and 28,000 brass screws, and 5,000 copper rivets are being used in her construction. The boat for George W. Childs Drexel is being built by the Gas Engine and Power Company. This boat is 62 feet over all and has a stern shaped like a torpedo boat. She is built of mahogany and is so arranged that when not being used for speed she can be used for afternoon outings. She has two motors, each a six cylinder affair, which will drive two screws, and twenty-six miles an hour is expected of her.

A type of boat that is becoming popular with owners of steam yachts is very similar to that owned by H. H. Rogers, Jr., and which is carried on the davits of the steam yacht Kanawha. This boat is 30 feet long, well built, and has a comfortable cockpit aft. It is suitable for running about in harbors, going from one yacht to another or getting to the shore, and has speed enough to dart about and give the helmsman some excitement. This boat is a handsome looking craft, built of mahogany and well fitted up. Commodore Frederick G. Bourne has another of these boats and Nathan Straus recently purchased one at the Sportsmen's Show.

It is for cruising boats, though, that the

yachtman has shown a preference this year, and these boats vary in length from twenty-five feet to about one hundred. R. Hoagland has recently had a fine cruiser built by the Electric Launch Company which has comfort and speed combined. This boat can make seventeen and a half miles an hour and can carry sufficient fuel to carry her 500 miles without stopping to take on a fresh supply of oil. In her saloon she has four folding berths, the owner has a large double stateroom, and altogether he can entertain ten guests on board. There is a large bridge deck, roomy cockpit aft, and accommodation for a crew of four. An electric lighting plant is fitted to this boat and she carries a powerful searchlight.

Cruising boats of this type are being built in all the yards, and they are becoming popular because in a small boat much more accommodation can be had if a gas engine is used instead of steam, and they are much more economical to run. The gas engine takes less room than a steam engine and costs less to install. The yacht is cooler, because there are no big fires to heat the stateroom, and the gas engine will drive it with a motor that will drive it at eight miles an hour costs \$1,500, and this is an ideal craft for a day's fun on the water. A boat of this type will take about three quarts of gasoline an hour to run and will have a tank large enough to carry fifty gallons of the oil. If the owner wants a little more elaborate boat and has the side fitted with glass windows, so that there will be some protection from sun and storm, it will cost \$1,800. A boat like this is finished in oak, cedar or mahogany.

Cruising boats with cabin accommodations cost more. One 36 foot long is worth from \$3,000 to \$3,500. It will have a 10-horse-power motor and run at the rate of ten miles an hour. For a cruising craft the price can be made anything one wants to

a 100-horse-power motor. Charles M. Gould is having a boat built by Jacobs from designs by Gielow that will be a good, serviceable type. This boat is only 40 feet long. She has a saloon, stateroom and galley all arranged amidships, and a cockpit 10 feet long. This boat has a small powered motor and is to make twelve miles an hour.

Many lovers of the water now are favoring the hunting type of launch. This boat is



from 25 to 40 feet long, has a roomy cockpit and forward a big cabin. These boats are high sided and decked over forward so that they can stand almost any weather, and are arranged to be handled from the cockpit where the control of the motor is placed alongside the steering wheel.

For inland waters the electric launch is very popular. These boats vary in length from eighteen feet up and are ideal for short spins on a lake, especially if there is an electric plant near by where the boat can be recharged. They glide along without any noise and seemingly without any power driving them and are easily handled. A small electric launch 18 feet long costs \$775. Electric motors are also fitted to larger boats of the cruising type varying in length from 30 to 65 feet. Great improvements have been made in these boats recently, and the builders say now that they can run from 75 to 100 miles on one charge of electricity. Yachtmen who own big steamers have electric launches which they carry on the davits of their steamers, and while the boat is hanging there it is being charged from the dynamo on the yacht and is always ready when wanted.

The gasoline boat is, however, very popular on inland waters, because it is so easily cared for and so cheap. These boats can be purchased now from \$175 up. These cheap ones are of course crudely put together, but they are serviceable and have done good work for those who have purchased them. A better finished boat can be had for \$300 or \$400, and a 30 ft. boat fitted with a 10-horse-power engine of good make costs about \$1,000 or \$1,200.

One of these 30 foot boats fitted with a light standing roof and having a motor that will drive it at eight miles an hour costs \$1,500, and this is an ideal craft for a day's fun on the water. A boat of this type will take about three quarts of gasoline an hour to run and will have a tank large enough to carry fifty gallons of the oil. If the owner wants a little more elaborate boat and has the side fitted with glass windows, so that there will be some protection from sun and storm, it will cost \$1,800. A boat like this is finished in oak, cedar or mahogany.

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pay, according to the size of the boat, luxuriousness of the fittings and power of the motor. Some yachtmen have spent as much as \$50,000 for a 100-foot cruising boat, but in these no expense has been spared to make them as luxurious as possible, and eighteen to twenty miles an hour has been obtained.

Motor boatists are planning for all sorts of racing during the coming season. In addition to the racing for the fast type there will be contests between boats that have been built for comfort and for the cruising type. The first regatta will be held on Decoration Day under the auspices of the Manhattan Bay Yacht Club. In this many of the new boats will make their first appearance. The committee of the American Power Boat Association is now at work preparing a schedule, and such clubs as the New York, Atlantic, Larchmont, Seawanhaka Corinthian, Indian Harbor, Columbia and nearly all the Eastern clubs will hold regattas for power boats. A novel race has been arranged for by the Knickerbocker Yacht Club, which is for cruising boats only. These boats must not be more than 40 feet long and they are to race from this end of the Sound to Marblehead, a distance of 280 nautical miles. The winner will get a cup valued at \$250, offered by Thomas Fleming Day, and there will be other prizes according to the number of starters. Some boats are being built now specially for this contest.

Two one design classes of power boats are being built. The Knickerbocker Yacht Club members are having built 14 boats of one design. These boats are 21 feet over all, 4 feet 8 inches beam and 18 inches draught. They are to be driven by a five-horse-power kerosene engine. These boats are to be finished by May 1, and then those who have ordered will draw lots for the boat he is to have and at once christen it.

A week after this ceremony the first race is to be held, and each Saturday during the season there will be races and the boats making the best records during the season will win special prizes in addition to the regular prizes won in each race.

The Eastern Yacht Club has promoted a restriction class. The boats for this class must not be more than 32 feet long and not less than 4 feet 2 inches beam. The area of the cylinders will determine the horse-power, and in a four cylinder motor the area is to be 82.62 square inches and in a two cylinder engine 61.89 square inches. These boats are to be equipped as cruisers and must have water tight compartments.

The total weight of each boat, exclusive of the equipment, must not be less than 3,000 pounds. It is expected that there will be several of these boats built, and they will be raced. The beauty of a class like this is that it gives every boat a chance. The designer has to keep within certain limits, but he has had to cope in the ingenious and turn out a craft that will do well. In one design class one boat is likely to be better than all the others and so win regularly all through the season.

The American Power Boat Association challenge cup was won last year by the Vingt et Un and is now held by the Chipewauk Bay Yacht Club. The Standard has challenged for a race for this cup, and other boats can enter the contest. The races will be held on the St. Lawrence in August and it is expected that many of the crack boats will take part in the contest. To make things more attractive a cruise of power boats is to be arranged. The fleet of boats will meet at Albany and then proceed through the canals to the St. Lawrence River.

Power boat racing promises to outdo

HUNTING TIGERS IN CHINA.

TROUBLES IN SECURING BEATERS AND SATISFACTORY BAIT.

Expectation That Lacked Somewhat the Significance of the Game Shooting—Hunted Tigers That Day—Why the One That Was Killed Was Left on the Field.

Tiger shooting is, I believe, generally regarded as serious work, and not a picnic to be lightly entered on, but from the moment P. came round to my compound to say that four of the brutes had been located in the Yikma jungle, some four miles from the settlement, to the morning of the last disastrous beat the gods appeared to do their best to make fun of the whole expedition and to rob us of that feeling of dignity due to those engaged in big-game shooting.

We camped in the old, tumble-down building, half temple, half rest house, that is common to most Chinese villages, says Hayley Bell in London Field. P. insisted on cooking the dinner, also there was trouble about the bait, so that it was half past nine and pitch dark when we sallied forth to the tree we had chosen for our watch. We had decided on a pig for bait, as he was likely to make the most noise. The grateful villagers whom we had come out to rid of the bloodthirsty animals that were devouring their cattle, required some three times its value before they would part with it. Too late we discovered the foolishness of that pig.

In the temple it had protested so loudly as to draw all negotiations, but when at last tied up on the field of action it was the most contented pig I have ever known, and frantic pulls at the string attached to his leg were utterly useless to stir him to a sense of what was expected of him. At length, bitten all over by mosquitoes and covered with ants, tree frogs, and that delightful beetle known to the Chinese as the "water buffalo," I climbed down and charged out on the wretched animal and by the light of the rising moon chased him round and round his tether till his squeals and the shouts of laughter from my companion in the tree might have been heard for miles. Hardly had I regained the foot of the tree when P. gave a shout of warning and commenced firing rapidly over my head. An instant later one short wall from piggy announced that his duty was done, and I turned in time to see the tiger—a dark, formless mass—disappear into the cover with six dollars' worth of pork belonging to us.

Early next morning the head man of the village was summoned, and after much argument some twenty men were produced

to beat the cover for us. We started across the paddies like the chorus of a comic opera, with hoes, pitchforks, executioners' swords and hammers. One man preceded the party with a long gong, which he struck in time to the great delight of scores of children who were enjoying holiday by reason of our camp in the village schoolroom, and the rear guard brought up by half a dozen kerosene tins and the village flautist. It was as impossible to keep them quiet as it was to get them to stay in their positions as it was to get them to stay there when we had done so. Gradually and imperceptibly the beaters—who commenced by probing gingerly at the extreme edges of the jungle—melted away, and P. and I concluded that, since beating was impossible, we must watch over bait again.

This time we were stationed in our tree long before sunset, with a goat for bait. Hardly had the moon risen when stalked, at about 100 yards' range, an enormous tiger, who strode nonchalantly across the glade and disappeared into the opposite cover. Again we pulled furiously at the line. Nohow! when he was within a few yards of the bait, he suddenly turned and came some hours' wait we descended, to find poor Nanny—whether of pure fright or because she was possibly in extremis when purchased—was doing her best to escape.

After a long whispered conversation as to whether tigers took carrion or not, we again trudged sadly home. Personally, I incline to the opinion that we did not take and laugh enough, also that a cigar would have much improved our chances. Be that as it may, our third attempt was made from a machan. P. and I built up a nest of some fifty old women and children sat round and commenced. We hollowed out a large bush and built the platform up inside; on the top we put a cunning roof of plaited leaves.

Derisive acquaintances who had never even seen a tiger running wild rode out from the settlement and asked if it was a race meeting or a Punch and Judy show. But we were deliberate as usual, and after roosting in trees with all manner of nocturnal insects, and we made it very comfortable with a mattress and cushions. Here we watched over Piggy II. for three nights without result. On the fourth we tried to tempt the tiger with a dog, which, apparently, however, gnawed through his rope and escaped the most serious part of the incident being that neither my companion nor I were awake when he did so.

Alas! that such a trivial incident should cause even temporary estrangement between two fast friends. Even if it was my watch, there were plenty more at the next day; besides, the dog had been sleeping comfortably from last remembered. However, P. gathered up his textbook and his shikari—and paced out a claim at the other end of the jungle; while I decided, since our quarry would not follow the rules as laid down in books, to try to deceive him with a simple plan of my own.

At sunset then, with several natives, I proceeded to a tree some 100 yards from one I intended to occupy. Here we tied up a lean, scraggy pony and made the most noisy and shameless preparations for a surprise the tiger. Soon after dark settled down I crept quietly out of the tree, stole

back to the camp, and enjoyed the first night's rest I had had for a week. At 3 I was called, and went down to my tent. Now, however, I am guaranteed this plan to be infallible, and it may be that the result had nothing to do with what I still regard as rather an original idea; but about half an hour after the first streak of dawn, and in a light by which a carbine is my only excuse for not dropping him there and then, a magnificent tiger emerged from the dense cover and passed, within fifty yards of my tree.

At my first shot the brute bounded into the air and made a dash in my direction, approaching to within twenty yards of the tree, where I gave him a second through the right shoulder. With a snarl like that of a dog the animal disappeared into the cover again, and I determined, in spite of our last fiasco, to try a beat again.

Within an hour I had collected thirty men and a line of fire was laid. The animal's trail was easy to follow, for the bushes were splashed with blood, but the undergrowth was so thick that in some places it was impossible to see the animal. In this position I suddenly heard a roar from the right of the line—I was at the centre—and a howl from one of the men. Pushing the cover aside I saw the impression of an unfortunate beater had literally stumbled on the tiger and got badly mauled, his heel and the sole of his foot being half torn off. I directed two men to carry him off, and was just about to follow when I saw through the foliage the yellow and black stripes of the tiger standing a few yards off and perfect motionless, evidently listening to the banging and the howling of the beaters who were closing round. I took a steady shot at what I imagine to have been his ribs, and the brute went down with a roar, at which all the men near me fled.

There were many trees around me, and I hurriedly selected one, for trees under certain circumstances were meant for climbing. Before, however, I had got as high as I wished a branch broke and I came down some fifteen feet to the ground. There was, however, no sign of the tiger. I returned to the open, where I found P. had arrived. Between us we bound up the mauled beater who had actually been dropped by the carriers, and had crawled out alone—and sent him into the settlement.

Guided by the beaters, who were now all up trees, and gave one the impression of sailors clinging to the masts of sunken ships, P. and I made another assault on the tiger. The tiger was snarling and tearing at the grass within a few yards of the edge. It was impossible to aim at a vital spot owing to the foliage, so we each gave him a bullet, and again the brute went down with a roar, evidently (by the subsequent gasping and "thundering" shot) having been hit in the head. Here we left him to suffer or die, while we poured buckets of water over each other and cooled down. Within an hour the panting sounds had ceased, and soon the tread beaters called out that the brute was dead, but not a man would accompany us even those few yards to find the carcass. It was now getting late, and as it was imperative that we should secure our bag and induce the frightened villagers to come down from their trees before it grew dark I started into the cover alone. I crawled cautiously in a man called out something I could not catch, but

which was a warning that there were two tigers.

An instant later the brushes to my front were shaken violently, and with a terrific roar of smaller tiger, probably the female, sprang out at me, knocking me down backward. I doubled the standing right over me I doubled myself up, covering my head with my arms, and after a brief moment's time below the knees the animal sheered off and I crawled back to the open.

The tiger had won the second point and the rubber, for this ended our amateur tiger hunt. For some days after bringing me back P. was laid up with sunstroke, while the villagers refused to go near the cover. For all I know the mauling skeletons of twenty-nine beaters may yet hang in the trees of the Yikma jungle, at least some here hidden in the undergrowth. I am a tiger, whose skin is destined never to grace the hearth of his enemies. Some day, when I have recovered from the effects of big game shooting, I am going to take possession of what is left.

ELEVEN LIVING GRANDPARENTS.

Miss Grace Wilmet Winner in a Free-for-All Competition in Pennsylvania.

WILKESBARRE, March 25.—The free-for-all grandparent competition, which has been in progress in this part of the State for the last few weeks, has reached its end, apparently, for no one has yet appeared who can beat the record of Miss Grace Wilmet of Gravelly, who has eleven living grandparents. The records of the other competitors range from five to nine, and two are tied for second place, each having nine.

The contest was started by the simple announcement that some newly arrived infant near this city had, all unconsciously, become the owner of five grandparents. The spirit of competition thus started spread rapidly. A Lehigh county young man, George Prosser, of the town of Lehigh, had four grandparents, and three great-grandparents living. A few days later Mattie Lambertson, daughter of William and Louise Lambertson of Varden, Wayne county, scoffing at the Lehigh county even, proclaimed the possession of eight, one great-grandfather, three great-grandmothers and two grandfathers and two grandmothers. But even this highly worthy record was to be beaten, for there came the announcement that little Pauline Louise Touraine of Gravelly, who has eleven living grandparents, had three great-grandmothers, four great-grandfathers, two grandmothers and two grandfathers.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

Prisoner Given Time to Prove Up Claim. Guthrie correspondence Kansas City Journal.

During the last week Sheriff Nelson of Guthrie has taken to the Kansas penitentiary John F. Yates, a farmer, for the murder of William Hughes, a wealthy cattleman, last July. Yates was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary in the District Court at Muskogee three weeks ago, but was allowed to prove up his homestead and provide for his family so he could live in comfort during the three years he is in the penitentiary. Last Saturday night Yates went to Sheriff Nelson and said he was ready to begin his sentence. He was not manacled as he rode on the train on the way to Lansing, Kan., but sat in the seat with the Sheriff as any other citizen might.

The killing of Hughes was the result of an old free range quarrel out in the new country. The shooting took place near Corralia, five miles south of Mangum. Yates was arrested and placed in jail. His bond was fixed at \$10,000, the judge thinking that amount would be more than would be raised in the county. Yates was released on bond, however, before the end of the week. A group of farmers who were his friends qualified for more than twice that amount.

Judge Irwin announced the sentence, and asked Yates if he had anything to say. Yates said the sentence was just and that he would serve it. He was then taken to his cell, a short time of having proved up his homestead and asked to be with his family two weeks longer. Judge Irwin granted the request.

Big Bridge Ruined by Birds.

Emporia correspondence Topeka Capital. Because woodpeckers and yellowhammers honeycombed many of the timbers in the cooling bridge across Eagle Creek, four miles southwest of Hartford, the county commissioners to-day condemned the bridge as unsafe for heavy travel.

The bridge is one of the largest bridges in the country and is the oldest. It was built twenty-nine years ago, almost altogether of wooden timbers, and is one of only three wooden bridges now in use in the county. The bridge threatened to go out last summer in the high water, but was chained to the trees.

Families Divided According to Religions.

From the Livingston Journal. An ancient custom still prevailing in many old burial grounds was described this week by a Richmond gentleman who has been interested in tracing family records. "When my wife and I were in Y—," he said, "we had occasion to visit the graveyards of the quaint little town many of my wife's people being buried there. The neighborhood. It struck me as queer, finding similar names in all three graveyards. Scattered here and there, they were, but always alike."

NEGRO TURNING WHITE.

Dunsmuir correspondence Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Jim Turner, a colored man living with Robert L. Ware of Ware's Wharf, is rapidly turning white. His arms and legs are nearly altogether white, and the change is now coming over his face and body. Jim is about 45 years of age, in robust health, and does regular work with hands and tools, feeling no inconvenience whatever from the skinning process.

AGED WOMAN'S WONDERFUL VITALITY.

Huntington correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Jerry Ball, aged 70, of Milton, fell into a sixty foot well Thursday, where she lay four hours with her leg broken in two places, her skull fractured and her spine shattered. She is still alive, and has a chance for recovery.

A NEW LINCOLN STORY.

Paymaster John Furey Tells How He Christened a Photograph Gallery.

At the last meeting of the Loyal Legion Paymaster John Furey of the navy told a story of a personal experience in Washington with President Lincoln that seems to have so far escaped the notice of his biographers.

"The Treasury Department," said Mr. Furey, "was experimenting with photography to see to what extent greenbacks might be reproduced through that means by counterfeiters. The experiments were conducted in a little temporary station erected on the White House grounds and were in charge of Brady, the famous Washington photographer, the actual work being done by an operator named Alexander Gardner and an assistant, a red-headed Scotchman named Knox."

"Mr. Lincoln became very much interested in the experiments, and he and Mrs. Lincoln often visited the little shed to watch the operators, with whom he soon was familiar enough to call them 'Alex' and 'Sandy' when he addressed them."

"After the experiments had shown that the colors of the greenbacks could not be reproduced by photography the station was vacated. Mr. Lincoln, whom I knew very well, determined to leave Brady's service and open a gallery for himself on the avenue. One Saturday after this I met him and he asked me to come around and see the new place on the following morning."

"We're all ready to open on Monday," he added, "and I'd like to know what you think of it. Get around about 9 o'clock, for I think the President is coming in."

"So the next morning I was there on time and, as enough, shortly after 9 o'clock in stalker Mr. Lincoln, wearing the tall chimney pot hat and the big cape overcoat that photography has made familiar to this generation."

"With a 'Morning, Aleck! Hello, Sandy!' he took a look around at everything fresh and new for the morrow's opening, and then said:

"Well, all this looks very nice, Aleck. You must let me be the first picture you take. Gardner said he had hoped for that honor and was ready whenever his visitor was."

"But Aleck," interjected Mr. Lincoln, "has the shop been christened yet?" "Yes," said Gardner, "it has been christened 'The Lincoln'." "Then," said Lincoln, "let's go in and see the new place. He then turned to Gardner, he exclaimed, with an indescribably comical chuckle: "Now, go ahead with the shooting."